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# TO THE DUKE, UPON HIS Return from Scotland.

SO the fair Light once baniſh'd, does Return
When with new Brightneſs crown'd, the Day is born.
Though all the time that diſappears, we might
Much better ſay, We Vaniſht are from Light.
For that ſtill Guides the Day, when it is here,
And flies, but to extend the Day elſewhere.
As You, whom our poor Iſle cannot confine,
More than the Sun can in one Country ſhine;
For the ſame Cauſe can never Baniſh't be,
Contain'd in no One Land, no more than He.
Ev'n he, deſcending from his ſhining Height
With us, does Riſe in other Lands, as Bright.
And ſeeming to Go Down, to This Worlds view,
Retires, but is not Baniſh't to the New.
So You, no leſs than he, a Starr too Great
To Riſe for ever in One Place, or Set.
In Sphere too Noble, and of Make too Pure,
For envious Miſts for ever to Obſcure.
If ought e're ſeem'd to intercept Your Light,
The Clouds ne're darken'd You, but hid our Sight.

Like Heav'ns fair Ruler of the Day, as high
Above all Clouds, as They above our Eye.
Nor leſs than He, a Royal Planet ſeem,
Born to Divided Empire too, like Him;
Your Hemiſpheres in which You ſhine, have too
Your Brother's Antient Empire, and his New.
The Empire of his Race, which gave the Chair
In which our Kings when Crown'd, now ſeated are.
Ev'n ſo long ſince ſome Promiſe ſeem'd to give,
That thence in time, we might our Kings derive:
Gives us in You, a ſure Support alone,
Both of the *Scottiſh* Chair, and *Engliſh* Throne.
Well did the *ROYAL MARTYR* e're he fell,
To bind Succeſſion, ſhew his lateſt Zeal.
When Kiſſing GLOC'STER, he forbad all Claims
To *CHARLES* his Scepter, and the Sword of *JAMES*.
Be CHARLES his Scepter ever Sacred ſtill,
And be the Sword of *JAMES*, Invincible.
May the Young KING to mount my Throne prevail,
May th' *ADMIRAL* in Battel never fail.
Revolted Cities bend to th' PRINCES Yoke,
While Fleets and Armies wait upon the DUKE.
His Lot to Shine upon the Land, and be
The Other's ſtill, to Thunder on the Sea.
All this and more, Kind Heaven underſtood
Couch't in your Speechleſs Father's Voice of Blood.
For Wounds have Mouths, which ſeem to gape and cry,
And in the Voice of Blood, was Prophecy.
Propitious Heav'n, the Martyrs Cry has heard,
A King's, and Martyr's Cry, deſerves Regard.
Much to his Vows, as the Event does ſhow,
For their Succeſs, the Royal Brothers owe.
Our Sov'reign much for his Return muſt own,
Meeting ith' Arms of Peace a Bloudleſs Crown.
Much You, maintaining to the Sea that Right
He o're the Land had gain'd, without a Fight.
For what, alas! had it avail'd to boaſt
His Scepter gain'd, had yet his Flagg been loſt?
And what a Maimed Monarch needs moſt be
An Iſland-King, who is not Lord at Sea.

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In his Return, Heaven no Hands did need,
Reſerving that for its peculiar Deed,
Its Act entire, as ſeeming to declare
None in the Honour of that Work ſhould ſhare.
That Kings may know, on whom they muſt depend,
Whoſe Gift are Crowns, and whence they do deſcend.
And we due Rev'rence to our Kings may learn,
Reſtor'd divinely, as divinely Born.
This Heav'n perform'd, but left it to your Sword
To Guard thoſe Rights, to which he was Reſtor'd.
Keeping in ſtore this Honour as Your Due,
What it began, ſhould finiſh't be by You.
And teaching us, where Human Hands there need
To what a kind of Choice, it does proceed.
When ſuiting Inſtruments to Ends, it drawes
The brighteſt Sword ſtill in the Braveſt Cauſe,
Appointing, and then Arming You for Fight,
Who to the Seas Command, by Birth had Right.
Led by juſt Titles to as juſt a Warr,
To reap thoſe Honours, in which none could ſhare.
With double Courage arm'd, You then did ſhew
What a Great Leader and Good Cauſe could Do.
What the Kings juſt Rights could at once require,
Or we from th'Hopes of your High Birth deſire.
When you the winged Hoſt to Battel led,
And in your Flying Chariot 'fore them rid,
Bearing your Brother's Thunder by your Side,
And waving high his Flagg, with lofty Pride.
This High, th'Enſign of his wrong'd Pow'r to ſhow,
While that His Vengeance loudly ſpeaks, Below.
Soon as the Sov'reign of the Seas did roar,
Proſtrate they fell, who could not Bow before.
They knew his Voice, and to his Flagg ſubmit;
His Thunder own, and Him that carried it.
Tall Ships that with their Flaggs erect did ride,
Hide in the Seas, the Trophies of their Pride.
Low as the Deep, their humbled Top-ſails bend,
And wide as that, their Ruins do extend.
Such was the Fight, as did the World convince,
None but You were Born for the Crowns Defence.

And tho it were not Your High Charge by Birth,
Your Merit, to that Place had call'd You forth.
While You at once deſervedly unite
The greateſt Merit, and the higheſt Right.
What vaſt unbounded Hopes may we conceive,
Who under ſuch a Pair of Brothers live?
Happy! beneath this fair Conjunction born,
Where both their Province nobly do adorn,
And each ſo Worthy is, Great *CHARLES* to Reign;
And YORK, to Triumph o're the Conquer'd Main.
A better KING than He, no Land e're knew;
No Seas, a Braver *ADMIRAL*, than You.

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*FINIS.*

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